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AIDS TO THE IMMORTALITY
OF CERTAIN PERSONS
IN IRELAND. *SSS*
SUSAN L. MITCHELL

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AIDS TO THE IMMORTALITY
OF CERTAIN PERSONS
IN IRELAND

AIDS TO THE IMMOR-
TALITY OF CERTAIN
PERSONS IN IRELAND
CHARITABLY ADMINISTERED

BY

SUSAN L. MITCHELL

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A NEW EDITION

With Poems added

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AUTHOR'S REVIEW

FOR the writer who has no critical faculty, the ordinary commercial reviewer may be good enough, but when one is exceptionally gifted, as I am, with both the critical and creative faculty, why should he wait for any middle interest, like reviewing, to wriggle in between him and his victim the public, before he has had time to grip it by the throat. I know perfectly well I said something like this in my first book, but I am like the fond tea-drinker who asks for 'a little into that, please,' because he hopes to carry on the first cup's fine careless rapture from draught to draught. Hence, as well as this remark, I have carried on all the poems of my first book into my second. It is open to you to say I have failed as the tea-drinker fails, but I have known the weak first cup to merge into a strong, full-flavoured and

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triumphant second, and I offer it to you now brimmed, and without a tinge of bitter tannin.

Most writers try to get even with the reviewer and call what I am writing a preface. It is generally the best review they get ; and as this may be the best review I will get (I doubt this), I will be frank and above-board in it, give you my real opinion, and discount all your objections beforehand.

I know them.

There is too much George Moore in it. Is there? Then be thankful when I chose a George to write about it was not George Bernard Shaw ; that I gave you some one you can understand and be superior about, and did not ask you to seat yourselves on a volcano and play with forked lightning. I once wrote a review of George's *Avv*. It was such beautiful writing I cannot bear it to be lost. I know that George, who fondles and caresses his own best efforts, will sympathise with my determination to reproduce some of mine here. I

AUTHOR'S REVIEW

do so now. George, none of the religions will let you in, and something must be done for your soul. Let me give it immortality. Shall I also, who deal in personalities, sneak into immortality under my own pious sanction?

‘How far is an author justified in making a book out of real living people in the intimate fashion pursued by Mr. Moore in *Ave*? Bah—the question has more than trembled on the lips of every one of his critics; I shall not even attempt to answer it. I could say that many a novelist does this thing, serves us up his friends, reeking from the slaughterhouse of his emotions, strange names very inadequately veiling their identity in the author’s own immediate circle. Let us at least give Mr. Moore the credit of presenting his victims exquisitely cooked and served with a sauce of which he alone knows the secret. But why say anything? why become an apologist for Mr. Moore? Many of the conventions in which we have dressed up life can give a good account of themselves; but there is something unauthentic

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about this convention of writing. Mr. Moore will have none of it ; he has made his own convention in *Ave*, and the result has been an extraordinary and delightful piece of work ; but while Mr. Moore has fully justified his reliance on his own mind, we tremble to think what the result might have been with a poorer mind or a less competent craftsman.

‘ One of *Ave’s* reviewers, it was the *Irish Times* critic, drew attention to the parable contained in Mr. Moore’s little story of his naughty childhood, how when walking with his nurse in Stephen’s Green he tore off all his clothes, and, flinging them into a thorn-bush, pranced naked and screaming before the poor woman, knowing she was powerless to do anything and afraid to make a scene. Mr. Moore took off all his clothes that day, and he has never put them on since. He still prances, naked, in shameless enjoyment, before a prudish world that has never learned to look back on its unclothed Eden days with any real pleasure. When Adam realised that he was naked he hid

AUTHOR'S REVIEW

himself—Mr. Moore knows perfectly well that he is naked, and he has not the least intention of hiding himself. Perhaps the gods will love you, Moore, and never turn you out of your Paradise.

‘. . . Mr. Moore has not asked us to attend either a marriage or a funeral; he has not really given us a plot, a direct love interest, any of the conventions of a novel in the proper sense of the word. But we cannot skip him; rather we take the hand he so confidently offers us on his first page and walk beside him in unalloyed enjoyment to the end. And in what company we went! We met everybody; not only Yeats and Martyn, A. E. and Eglinton and Gill, but Yeats *plus* Moore, Martyn *plus* Moore, A. E. *plus* Moore, Eglinton *plus* Moore, even Gill *plus* Moore. Only Hyde we never met. Owing to some myopia of temperament Moore has never seen Hyde, and if we could feel austere with our sly, guileless companion, it would be because he cannot see Hyde. The reckless caricature he shows us bears no likeness to the

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fiery spirit that overturned the ideas of a generation and discovered in a slut amongst the languages the features of a queen.

‘But Yeats and Martyn, the two chief characters in *Avic*, how Moore has endeared them to us! The personal touches, Mr. Yeats sherry and biscuit, Mr. Martyn’s short neck, they are like the wires across Mancini’s canvases, they throw the picture forward. Mr. Yeats walks out of the fifth century and jostles us in Nassau Street. Mr. Martyn reads his *Missa Papæ Marcelli* in the bow window of the Kildare Street Club. The personal touch does not detract from but adds to the vividness of the portrait of Yeats, the man of genius; we do not miss a single curve or spiral in the Celtic wonder of his mind. Upon the uncomely things in Martyn, Moore has shed a more abundant comeliness, so that few of us will be able to look on that burly figure hastening away from all the draughts that blow between Westland Row and Kildare Street without an impulse of affection all unwanted by the object

AUTHOR'S REVIEW

of it. Gill has been stabbed with a dexterous keenness that so clever a wielder of the rapier cannot but appreciate. He has been killed exquisitely and with a meltingly sympathetic knowledge of all his vulnerable parts. A. E. is treated with a gentleness that covers a thin shaft of malice when Moore discovers he is ignorant of Gaelic. John Eglinton comes in for scarce a pin-prick, but we must not forget that Moore has not yet said his *vale*.

‘We have purposely refrained up to this from any comment on Moore’s manner of writing about women, though we are well aware that it is this particular thing in him that has chilled many of his most enthusiastic readers. There is a great deal of the zenana in our Western ideas about women. In the East one may not inquire after the health of a man’s female relations; one may not mention them at all. Moore has tilted at the purdah: he may be right or he may be wrong, but we do not like it—it offends. Moore likes it; it is a form of tourney in which he excels, and even when it irritates

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we must admire his art. The sex question shrieks at us from the covers of every modern novel, but there are no shrieks in Moore's pages. The modern novelist is like a naughty boy let loose in a jam cupboard, he smears himself all over with his emotions. Mr. Moore's studies of women are essays in psychology, but he has never wallowed in the grosser emotions which have made the once slim volumes of Mr. Wells obese. If Mr. Moore has a weakness for suggesting that the women about whom he writes might, could, would or should have been in love with himself, we must remember what was once said of him by the wittiest woman in Dublin: Some men kiss and tell; Mr. Moore tells but does not kiss.

‘And now what of Moore himself? Every man's work in the end reveals only himself, and even Moore's voluntary nakedness cannot hide him from us. The ordinary writer who tries to lay himself bare before his readers often only succeeds in parading before them very much overdressed, but with Moore this is not so. His

AUTHOR'S REVIEW

art is stamped with sincerity. Even Cromwell had his affectation. He insisted on the wart in his portrait, but then he had beheaded his king ; the wart against the king, it was a pose. Mr. Moore has not brought down his king, and he is not aggressive over his warts, but he covers nothing. He is as sincere with his own soul as even Art, the most strait-laced lover man ever had, would have him be. He finds himself as adorable as he finds her ; he kills himself with the same melting sympathy that he bestows on Gill. "A heart as shy as a wren in the hedge-row, or as a mouse trembling in the wainscot." We knew it, Moore, and we have lost you. Dublin has lost the only man who could walk her streets fashionably !'

Isn't this lovely ? I never wrote better.

'Susan L. Mitchell is too impartial and too flippant.' Criticism number two. She snaps her fingers at each grave political party and never gives us a wink to show which way her sympathies lie. Don't I now ? You are a fool if you understand me, and you are a fool

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if you don't. (This is Shavian.) I have more respect for you than to give you a clue.

My technique, well, you can have no objection to that, it is nearly perfect. Technique, I take it, is using the medium for the expression of your ideas in the best possible way. Persons are my medium ; I have used them well. No one ever worked with more charming materials. I am an adept at rhyming. I have sacrificed a great deal to it. You may have noticed this. The smoke of their sacrifice makes a delicious incense ; you are smelling it now. Do not sniff. Half a crown, and it is well worth the money. All the poems that were bad enough to print, and this review thrown in.

Ha, ha, reviewer ! Cheap humour, low personalities, false rhymes. Have we left anything out ?

SUSAN L. MITCHELL.

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PROLOGUE

To some who are mentioned in this Book

(With apologies to RONSARD and YEATS)

*When you, grown old in some forgotten nook,
With all your great immortal works of art
Flung coverless upon the penny cart,
Lament the loss of Fame, take down THIS BOOK,*

*And think how many people took your part
Because your works were boomed in some review,
One Woman loved the foolish souls in you
That made you perfect subjects for Her Art.*

*Then as your after-dinner port you quaff,
Murmur disgustedly : ' From us fled Fame.
It would not decorate our pompous game,
But went to Her to have a hearty laugh.'*

GEORGE MOORE COMES TO IRELAND

I've puffed the Irish language, and puffed the
Irish soap ;

I've used them—on my nephew—with the
best results, I hope ;

For with this older, dirtier George, I have no
heart to cope.

Oh, Eire ! he was false to you, you big and
artless child.

See his sweet vernal springtime by foreign art
beguiled,

His pink-and-white simplicity by Sassenach
defiled.

Wrapt in a sheet, my breast I beat ; I tore my
yellow hair ;

MOORE COMES TO IRELAND

I dropped my tears in epigrams, and dropped
them everywhere.

Such grief unto myself to keep, I really couldn't
bear.

I kick you, English public—like a cur your
ribs I kick,

You make the gorge of George to rise, your
dullness makes him sick.

What if I've but just found it out, pack me my
hat-box quick.

Thy shores, O Thames, this stalwart form
henceforth shall never see ;

I leave thee, tameless Serpentine, for dearer far
to me

The Liffey and the Dodder in their odorous
mystery.

The leaves of George's note-book shall be
pruned by George's knife ;

MOORE COMES TO IRELAND

I'll renounce my 'Esther Waters,' I'll divorce
my 'Mummer's Wife';
My 'Muslin Dramas' play in flax henceforward
all my life.

And so I came to Dublin, and Dublin wel-
comed me,
For my penitence in paragraphs was very fair
to see.
Now I make laws for Dublin in Art and
Cookery.

I haven't tried potato cake or Irish stew as yet;
I've lived on eggs and bacon, and striven to
forget
A naughty past of ortolan and frothy ome-
lette.

Jove thunders from Olympus, and Moore from
Ely Place,
I damn respectability, and call it a disgrace;
I catch the Dublin Jackeen, and spit into his
face.

MOORE COMES TO IRELAND

We have reformed the Drama, myself and
Yeats allied,
For I took small stock in Martyn, and less in
Douglas Hyde ;
To bow the knee to rare A. E. was too much
for my pride.

But W. B. was the boy for me—he of the
dim, wan clothes ;
And—don't let on I said it—not above a bit of
pose ;
And they call his writing literature, as every-
body knows.

If you like a stir, or want a stage, or would
admired be,
Prepare with care a naughty past, and then
repent like me.
My past, alas ! was blameless, but this the
world won't see.

My naughty, problematic past was nothing but
a sham,

MOORE COMES TO IRELAND

My sins and my repentance all paper and all
cram.

Some day you'll all discover how respectable
I am,

How I revere the marriage state, believe in
Abraham,

And for Gaels and their revivals don't really
care a damn !

THE VOICE OF ONE

Dramatis Personæ—BATES, BARTON,
AND M'CLURE

BATES

I'd rather scrub floors on my marrow bones,
Throw chairs at mayors, or fling the Ogham
stones

At English Kings' processions in hot weather,
Than hear your players playing plays together.

BARTON

'Tis true, the modern play is awful rot ;
'Tis true, the theatre is gone to pot.

M'CLURE

I in fine raiment fain would clothe my skin,
But yet I toil not, neither do I spin.
I left Egyptian flesh-pots in a hurry,
Bearing with fortitude all kinds of worry,

THE VOICE OF ONE

Because I knew that surely somehow I
Might thrust a finger into some one's pie.
It doesn't matter whose the pie, or where—
Where'er the pudding is, M'Clure is there.
My metaphors to you, I know, are clear ;
I'll reform everything, that 's why I'm here.
I see the first thing is to cleanse the stage,
And—with your brains—to do it I'll engage.

BARTON

M'Clure, as far as all your friends can gather,
You don't wash well, although you raise a lather.

BATES

Look here, M'Clure, I'll wash my hands of
you—
That 's all the washing you and I will do.

M'CLURE

Why, you amaze me, what is it I've done ?
I who love all men, and would injure none !

BATES

You stole my plot . . .

THE VOICE OF ONE

BARTON

. . . And faked up all my play.

M'CLURE

Don't fling the chair at me, I'll go away. [*Going.*]
It's very queer, I long to be of use,
But all my efforts only earn abuse.
'Tis true, for that I do not care a jot,
I'd rather be abused than be forgot.
The Dublin pagans have given me a show,
Now at the Romans I will have a go.
If these do not my overtures receive,
The Protestants I've still got up my sleeve.
And when about me no more 's left to say
From 'Parnell's Island' I will sail away
To dreamy Brixton, there to end my days
With the respectability that pays. [*Exit.*]

BARTON

Good riddance; now then, Bates, we will
forget
Old scores, and have an Irish drama yet.
I have the money and the player's art,
And simple things are dear unto my heart.

THE VOICE OF ONE

BATES (*animated*)

That 's it, that 's it, simplicity 's the thing ;
Art is choked up by over-furnishing.
To make life simple is my whole design—
I who spend years upon a single line,
Setting a letter here, a comma there—
Surely simplicity 's my only care.

BARTON

No doubt, no doubt ; the thing is this, we
want
A theatre and all the usual plant.

BATES

The usual plant ! that 's just the very thing
We must avoid ; no over-furnishing.
The play must tell just by mere force of Art—
This is a matter I have much at heart.

BARTON

You must have clothes and properties and that,
Or else your plays will fall completely flat.

THE VOICE OF ONE

BATES

Had I the heavens' embroidered clothes indeed,
My stage and actors would no others need.
But these gay clothes long since in rain did
 fall,
So I won't hear of any clothes at all.

BARTON

You mean accessories, properties, and such,
You will not have your actors dress too much?

BATES

The passionate pulse of life is beating slow,
The wizard lips of life are murmuring low.
I gaze upon wan Beauty's shaken hair,
Actors and clothes and—everything are there!

BARTON

What do you mean? Why, Bates, you must
 be mad.
And will you wreck our drama for a fad?
Think you I will good money fling away
To make the British critic holiday?

THE VOICE OF ONE

BATES

You're sordid, Barton, vulgar, and that's worse.
Money I leave to publishers, of course.
Of gold and silver little do I know,
But to my plays the gabbling world shall go.

BARTON

Faith, and I think they'll go there without me,
I leave you to your spectral company.

[Exit in a rage.]

BATES

The mouthing world has frothed itself away,
And left me with my little plans to play.
Ocean of thought, how strange your ebb and
flow !

No plans had I one little hour ago.
Dull people have their places, and my friends
Are used by the gods for their great ends—
The thrifty gods, who will true genius guide
To oysters with most precious pearls inside.
So these vain babblers, with their talk of plays,
Suggest new thoughts wherewith I will amaze

THE VOICE OF ONE

The stale old world that to the play-house goes
To look at scenery and look at clothes.
I've had my dreams of clothes and scenery too,
But well I know that way lies nothing new.
No gaudy, pinchbeck theatre for me,
'The after-dinner lounge of bourgeoisie.
I for my plays will find a simple hall ;
My stage— Shall I have any stage at all ?
'The world's a stage,' a well-known writer
states.

It is well said—though Shakespeare isn't Bates !
I'll have no stage, then I'll no scenery need
(Article two of my dramatic creed),
My players' clothes I will have wan and plain—
Ah, I forgot, from clothes they must refrain.
A pious thought, and near to Nature's plan,
My theatre of the primæval man !—
A thought I hold by one long gleaming tress,
A thought of delicate, dim loveliness.
The Drama of to-morrow draweth nigh,
I its inventor, its creator I.
No theatre, no scenery, no stage,
No clothes the roving fancy to engage,

THE VOICE OF ONE

No actors either, for their gestures rude
Break in upon the spirit's solitude.
And neither shall my plays have any lines—
The straitened word the wingèd thought
confines.

No, I will cause that a new thing shall be,
Plays shall be played in wordless wizardry.
For I shall sit in any room apart,
Just sit, and sit, and gaze in my own heart.
And when I toss the dim locks of my hair,
Dramas are born in men's minds everywhere.
And when I wave my slender pearl-pale hand,
Tragedy glides dream-heavy through the land.
All the world o'er the uncommercial few,
Gathering in companies of one and two,
Sit humbly while the miracle is wrought
By the unresting ravens of my thought,
While the mob theatre's expensive cloth
Makes ever still more fat the murderous moth;
And dew-pale ladies gather lilies tall
To weave o'er my white brow Fame's coronal!

Enter a Friend carrying patterns of costumes for
BATES' next play, 'The Shadowy Daughters.'

THE VOICE OF ONE

FRIEND

I've got some beautiful materials. See,
Silks opalescent, yea, and cramoisie.
I've thought out some great colour harmonies,
And I am sure we shall our audience please.

BATES

Ah ! I've a scheme how clothes may spoken be,
In coloured notes unto the psaltery.
Show me the stuffs. . . .

Enter Manager of a theatre.

MANAGER

. . . I have just found a man
Who has for scenery a novel plan.

BATES (*eagerly*)

I have a theory of waves of light.
And chanted words—I thought of it to-night.
[*Pressing his hand to his forehead.*
To-night, to-night—my Vision !—Woe is me,
Drown me in age-long dreams, sackbut and
psaltery !

[CURTAIN]

THE VOICE OF ONE

EPILOGUE

BARTON from Drama's gone, up in the skies
He sits aloft while choirs sing litanies ;
No female choristers' impassioned noise,
But anthems masculine from nice small boys.
M'Clure is with us still, our own M'Clure,
His constant farewells we can still endure.
Parting to our M'Clure's the sweetest sorrow,
Farewell to-day, farewell again to-morrow.
O Eminent Farewellist, turn about,
We love your linkèd sweetness long drawn out.
Write us no dramas—only with us stay ;
M'Clure, you're twice as good as any play !
Deep in the Abbey poets' corner laid
Bates sleeps and dreams his plays are being
 played
To crowded audiences that laughed and cried,
As in those days ere good old Shakespeare died.
Alas ! those cultured, crowded days are done,
The Abbey echoes but—the Voice of One !
Bates sleeps, but there's a Day of Judgment when
I'm pretty sure Our Bates will rise again.

THE IRISH COUNCIL BILL, 1907

Is it this you call Home Rule?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Do you take me for a fool?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
To be sending round the hat
Five-and-twenty years for that
Isn't good enough for Pat,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And the Lord-Lieutenant too,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Is he still to be on view?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
And all them big police,
Monumentally obese,
Must I go on feeding these?
Says the Shan Van Vocht?

THE IRISH COUNCIL BILL, 1907

Oh then M.P.'s could you do,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Nothing better for your screw ?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
I didn't mean your pay
To depend on your delay,
But quite the other way,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

You rounded on Parnell,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
You bid him go to hell !
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
You served the Sassenach
When Plunkett got the sack,
On me you 've turned your back,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Faith it's growing clear to me,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
That ye like being absentee,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,

THE IRISH COUNCIL BILL, 1907

At Westminster to appear
On two hundred pounds a year ;
Ye'd have empty pockets here,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

All your promises were vain,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
I'm turning to Sinn Fein
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
If ye ever travel hence
Unto future Parliaments
'Twill be at your own expense,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

THE BLACKTHORN CONVENTION

JOHN REDMOND spake up boldly :

‘ My members, every day
The people look more coldly
On everything we say.
My gift for making speeches
Is rusting with disuse,
Sinn Feiners with their screeches
Will send us to the deuce.

‘ Though we’ve spent money freely
These five-and-twenty year,
O’Brien and Tim Healy
They get the people’s ear.
The war-chest of the party
In cash is sinking low,
If things don’t get more hearty
It’s “pack our traps and go”!

THE BLACKTHORN CONVENTION

‘The Wyndham Act amended,
Where would my credit be ?
My league with Birrell ended,
Augustine, where is he ?
No tail to keep on wagging,
What would his wit avail ?
I see his spirits flagging,
Poor dog without a tail !

‘And so for England’s glory
O’Brien’s eye we’ll wipe !
For Liberal against Tory !
And—when strawberries are ripe—
Cheap lunches for our members,
Free trade in food, and that,
For even in our embers
Live their wonted—pass the hat !

‘I’ll call a great convention
For all the world to see ;
I ask for no contention
But peace and amity.’

THE BLACKTHORN CONVENTION

Says Devlin, 'Peace costs money,
I know where now I am'—
And, full of milk and honey,
He took a penny tram.

'Tis peace,' says Joe, 'I'm buying,
I want it in a sack,
On blackthorn I'm relying,
It gives a sounder whack.'
The patriot weapon-maker
Asked what price peace would reach,
Said, 'Joseph, I'm no Quaker,
To you 'tis ninepence each.'

Well did the blackthorns muster
The Mansion House within,
And many a knuckle-duster
The cause of peace did win.
All Ireland was united,
Belfast was standing by,
The wrongs of years were righted,
They wiped O'Brien's eye !

THE BLACKTHORN CONVENTION

Tim Healy, tongue of adder,
For Philistines made sport,
He filled his poison-bladder
Before he came in Court.
And with police protection
Where none could interfere,
He spoke from recollection
Of five-and-twenty year.

Redmond, O'Brien and Kettle,
And Devlin and the rest,
In words like stinging nettle
Their bitter thoughts expressed.
And so the Party peace did win.
Ireland, at what a cost !
What odds, the money's coming in,
And naught but honour's lost.

THE BALLAD OF SHAWE TAYLOR AND HUGH LANE

Up spake our brave Shawe Taylor—

That Captain wise and great,—

‘To every Irishman on earth

Arrest comes soon or late,

And how can man do better

Than suffer grief and pain

For the glory of Apollo

And his servant, Hugh P. Lane ? ’

And so to the Museum

He marched with gallant air,

With his good turnscrew by his side

He climbed the echoing stair ;

Under the portly peeler’s nose

He gave the fatal twist,

Wrenched off that odious photograph

With one turn of his wrist.

SHAWE TAYLOR AND HUGH LANE

The peeler, who 'd been thinking hard,
And thus felt ill at ease,
Now to Shawe Taylor did advance
And said, 'Sir, if you please,
You have been guilty of offence
Against the law, and so
You must put on the handcuffs
And to Kilmainham go.'

Then that persuasive Captain's voice
Again rose eloquent,
That once made Irish landlords feel
Almost intelligent.
The burly Metropolitan
Succumbed unto the spell,
The British Constitution shrieked
When that the peeler fell.

And so the brave Shawe Taylor,
That Captain wise and great,
With Freedom flaming on his brows
Came forth unto the gate,

SHAWE TAYLOR AND HUGH LANE

Where Dublin's best and wittiest
Had gathered for to see
The man that braved the peeler
For Art and Liberty !

A. E. was there with his long hair,
And Orpen, R.H.A.,
Sir Thomas Drew was in a stew,
And looked the other way ;
But Martyn, who had left the stage
To play the patriot's part,
Called for Hungarian policy
In everything but Art !

And John B. Yeats stood near the gates,
With mischief in his gaze,
While W. B., the poet, he
Pondered a telling phrase ;
You'll find it in the *Freeman*
After a day or so.
And Moore was there—the same who is
High sheriff for Mayo.

.

SHAWE TAYLOR AND HUGH LANE

So let us hymn Apollo
And hymn Shawe Taylor too,
For if the picture's Corot's
We think it cheap, don't you?
And if the picture's Mezoly's
Our policy's Sinn Fein,
And the glory's still Apollo's
And his servant, Hugh P. Lane!

GEORGE MOORE JOINS THE IRISH CHURCH

ALAS, by now you've found out how respectable
I am,

How I revere the marriage state, believe in
Abraham—

Don't tell Archbishop Peacocke how I'm
longing to say damn.

No more in pagan carelessness I skip down
Ely Place,

Softly I glide through Dublin with the convert's
timid grace—

The lamp of Protestant reform lights up my
bashful face.

Ye pretty little Papist maids, whatever your
degree,

MOORE JOINS THE IRISH CHURCH

Come hither fearlessly and sit on my converted
knee,
Bid me to live and I will live your Protestant
to be.

It's all the fun I'm like to get out of my little
joke :
George Moore a Protestant—ah me, it was a
master stroke,
But that thick-headed Irish press will let it end
in smoke.

George Moore, the famous novelist—the
dramatist likewise—
You might have thought the Irish Church
would jump at such a prize,
With my distinguished sinfulness would surely
sympathise.

And bishops and archbishops too I thought
would come and see

MOORE JOINS THE IRISH CHURCH

The lily-hearted neophyte kneel on his stiffening
knee,
And dainty hands in nice lawn sleeves would
flutter over me.

Instead of that they sent me a mere parish
clergyman,
One used to preach to ratepayers salvation's
simplest plan,
And never a pope or cardinal has put me under
ban.

I've had no dramatic moment, I don't even
look a fool,
I'm just a Protestant, that's all, they took me
very cool.
Come, Georgie—get your Bible, it's time for
Sunday-school.

ODE TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

DEDICATED TO THE ARCHBISHOPS
AND BISHOPS OF THE CHURCH OF IRELAND

God of the Irish Protestant,
Lord of our proud Ascendancy,
Soon there'll be none of us extant,
We want a few plain words with thee.
Thou know'st our hearts are always
set
On what we get, on what we get.

The landlords with the bonus fly,
The gold upon the plate has ceased ;
Without our aristocracy
We sink below the parish priest.
Unless their hire thy labourers get
The Pope may rule in Ireland yet.

ODE TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

You sent us to this Popish land ;
Cromwell and William well did smite,
Delivering into our hand
The Hittite and the Jebusite.
The Papishes we burned, and yet
We don't regret, we don't regret.

We did your dirty work for you,
And incidentally likewise
To us some profit did accrue
(You'll understand and sympathise).
Now one by one of each asset
You've robbed us, this we can't
forget.

The tithes and the Establishment
You took, but still to you we clung :
Off went each fat emolument,
We smiled although our hearts were
wrung.
Beneath that smile our teeth were set,
The worrum wouldn't turn yet.

ODE TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE

Though we were growing moribund,
With all your acts we still agreed ;
We had the Sustentation Fund,
You had the Athanasian Creed.
The Commination Service yet
Is ours—and do not you forget !

We shouted long, ‘ God save the King !’
And damned the Papacy to hell.
’Twere easy to reverse the thing
And send you English all to——well
We needn’t mention names, but yet
We’d see you there without regret.

God of the Irish Protestant,
You have grown hideous in our sight ;
You’re not the kind of god we want.
Rise, Sons of William, rise and smite !
New gods we’ll serve, and with them yet
We’ll get all there is left to get !

GEORGE MOORE BECOMES HIGH SHERIFF OF MAYO

OH then, Martyn dear, and did ye hear the
news that's goin' round,

Your old friend George will seldomer in Ely
Place be found.

He's left his loving neighbours, he's left his
hall-door green,

To execute the English law in Ballaghadereen.

I met A. E. and W. B., I took them by the hand ;
Says I, ' Alas, a soothing glass will either of you
stand ?

Moore has left us dry and drouthy and my
grief I cannot screen,

While he's hangin' men and women down in
Ballaghadereen.'

Down in Ballaghadereen, down in
Ballaghadereen,

We're dry in Dublin since Moore
went to Ballaghadereen.

MOORE HIGH SHERIFF OF MAYO

Wyndham's got his walking papers, and
MacDonnell too must go,
What odds, the Irish Zola is High Sheriff for
Mayo !

We may never get our Parliament abroad in
College Green,

But history is a-making down in Ballaghader-
een !

Quit writing books, Sir Horace, pack your
traps and come away,

And see our farmer Georgie in his 'Untilled
Field' to-day.

Come on Moran, come MacDonnell, Georgie's
at his tricks I ween,

He'll be hangin' priests and peelers down in
Ballaghadereen.

Down in Ballaghadereen, down in
Ballaghadereen,

You've let a propagandist loose in
Ballaghadereen.

MOORE HIGH SHERIFF OF MAYO

We've some bright boys in Ireland, we've got
our W. B. ;

Faith, Martyn, we have got yourself, we've also
got A. E.

When Plunkett isn't writing books, he is our
pride and joy,

And though MacDonnell may be glum, he's
not a bad wee boy.

We love our own O'Grady, we love our Douglas
Hyde,

And from this pleasant company there's one
we won't divide ;

'Tis yourself, Moore, you're the playboy, but
you're faithful to the green

Though you're hangin' men and women down
in Ballaghadereen.

Down in Ballaghadereen, down in
Ballaghadereen,

Sending souls to instant glory down
in Ballaghadereen.

THE PLAYBOY

THE men who write the plays I'd gag,
I'd curse them round from shore to
shore,

They let cats out of every bag.

I can't love Plato any more
Because a man called Sophocles
Who lived in distant Attica,
Wrote a great drama *Ædipus*,
About a Greek who killed his da.
I know now Plato was a sham,
And Socrates I brush aside,
For Phidias I don't care a damn,
For every Greek 's a parricide !

O Shakespeare, what were you about ?
With grief my heart is over full
Since the sad day when I found out
The lineage of Mr. Bull.

THE PLAYBOY

The character of Falstaff shows
In Merrie England's every son—
Bullies and yet afraid of blows,
Drunkards and gluttons every
one.

My pride in England's had a fall,
Asquith is nothing unto me,
For Balfour I don't care at all,
The Falstaff in them all I see.

They talk about the Fatherland,
And proudly sing 'Die Wacht am
Rhein,'

But we who've heard a German band
The real state of things divine.

Faust, who was made in Germany,
Unto the devil sold his soul,
And all things German easily
Into the devil's coffers roll.

The German waiter we would oust,
He maketh English stomachs sick,
The Fatherland as well as Faust
Has sold itself unto Old Nick.

THE PLAYBOY

The French have left me in the lurch,
They 're rogues and misers, says Molière,
We know they never go to church,
Because of course they read Voltaire.
Of Italy I dare not speak,
In spite of its cathedral bells,
For Dante's plays have left me weak,
He knew of far too many hells.
Have playwrights left me any land
That 's fit for my white feet to tread,
Where dull and decent I may stand,
And, yawning, wish that I were dead?

OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION IT!

(*Air* : EARLY VICTORIAN)

[‘This play (*The Playboy of the Western World*), in which one of the characters makes use of a word that no refined woman would mention, even to herself.’—Writer in the *Freeman*.]

OH no, we never mention it, its name is never
heard—

New Ireland sets its face against the once
familiar word.

They take me to the Gaelic League where men
wear kilts, and yet

The simple word of childhood’s days I’m bidden
to forget !

They tell me no one says it now, but yet to
give me ease—

If I must speak they bid me use a word that
rhymes with ‘sneeze.’

OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION IT

But oh! their cold permission my spirits cannot
lift—

I only want the dear old word, the one that ends
in ‘ift.’

O cruel Gaelic Leaguers! cruel Sinn Féiners
all!

Have you no little sisters, who once when very
small,

Before they knew what sinfulness could lurk in
one wee word—

Have you not from their artless lips its simple
accents heard?

Then by those early memories, hearken to one
who prays

The right to mention once again the word of
other days,

Without police protection once more her voice
to lift—

The right to tell (even to herself) that still she
wears—a shift!

ANTI-RECRUITING SONG

HE took the English shilling, his Bible oath he
swore,
To serve the King of England. He left the
Shannon shore.
He learned to square his shoulders and tune his
Irish ear,
To speak the sort of language no decent boy
should hear.

It was for great adventures he left old Carrick
town,
Where life was dull and narrow and he had no
renown.
An appetite for fighting he'd got in many a
row,
And he could wield a blackthorn as Leitrim
boys know how.

ANTI-RECRUITING SONG

He went out in the trooper and surely he was
found,
Where bullets rained the thickest he bravely
stood his ground ;
He kept the English soldiers from panic in the
fray,
For there's not a boy in Leitrim knows how to
run away.

He didn't see much glory, and he didn't get
much good,
In most unrighteous causes he bravely shed his
blood ;
The best years of his manhood he spent across
the foam,
And when they'd no more use for him they
took and sent him home.

He'd bullets in his right arm, he'd bullets in
his leg,
He had no *grá* for working and he had no
leave to beg ;

ANTI-RECRUITING SONG

The peelers had an eye on him, twice he's
been in quod,
Now he's in Carrick Workhouse—Glory be to
God!

GEORGE MOORE EATS A GREY MULLET

I SAILED away from France, alas !

My heart was wildly grieving,
For all a man of taste was gas-
Tronomically leaving.

No woman from my heart I tore—

The sex will always find me—
I fretted for no girl, but for
A fish I'd left behind me.

The cooks of France, how great they be,

And of their art how willing,
And in thy restaurant, Henri,
I had spent many a shilling.

When on my plate that wondrous day,

Le Bar, I first did find thee,
O France ! why did I sail away
And leave thy fish behind me ?

MOORE EATS A GREY MULLET

Napoleon, great thy triumphs be
That stick in British gullet,
But greater glory thine, Henri,
Who cooked my first grey mullet !
Although I have left Rome, I wish
That I in Rome could find me,
To eat my fish from Nero's dish,
The fish I left behind me.

I've sought it over London town
And eke in Dublin city,
At many a table I've sat down,
Nor found it, more's the pity.
O Irish maids, with eyes so meek,
Should ardent glances blind ye,
Mine eyes seek not your hearts, they seek
A fish I left behind me.

Ah ! what a hero-heart I gave
Without a thought of fooling,
To live in Dublin and to brave
Bad cooks and English ruling.

MOORE EATS A GREY MULLET

But could I feed as once I fed,
Regret should never find me,
For *Ave atque Vale* said
To the fish I left behind me.

LINES ON A THREATENED IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY

'PAT, here's your University, you've got it
 safe and sound,
 Brogues off, presumptuous Leaguers, the place
 is holy ground ;
 For Norfolk and his gentlemen are sailing o'er
 the sea,
 Bad luck to you for Leaguers, will ye go to—
 Trinity !'
 The Juggernaut of Compromise is crushing
 Irish flat,
 O shade of sainted Patrick, they've put English
 upon Pat ;
 In classic Cockney he'll be taught the precepts
 of the wise,
 While far off in farthest Arran the last native
 speaker dies.

A THREATENED UNIVERSITY

Oh no, we will not come to heel whoever
cracks the whip,
Nor turn our glorious Sword of Light into a
farthing dip
To light the 'little corner' they dole with
niggard hand,
Good God! we claim for Irish every foot of
Irish land.
If the counties pay the piper, the counties call
the tune,
Nor mandarins nor bishops shall feed us with
a spoon ;
We did not fight for fifty years our dream at
last to sell,
To hail the speech that banished ours to
Connaught or to hell.
They'll come here from Australia, from
Canadian ice and snow,
We're told the Yankee Irish in thousands here
will flow ;
Oh the melancholy New Zealander may sit
within our walls,
While the lordly dream of Ireland we had in
ruin falls.

A THREATENED UNIVERSITY

Three thousand years of Irish life in Gaelic
speech was told,

And through that Gaelic speech alone our
history may unfold.

We'll see what bastard culture an English
college gives,

When you slight the holy speech in which the
soul of Ireland lives.

The young heart of young Ireland won't be
withered by old men,

The speech of its Immortal Youth has come to
it again.

BALLAD OF DERMODY AND HYNES

OVER across the Shannon we 've learned a thing
or two,

The Castle trains the peeler and we have trained
him too ;

Lest he should lose his figure we keep him on
the go,

And every night we drive him out to run
a mile or so.

A man must have some exercise if heavily he
dines ;

They've had a year's good exercise with Der-
mody and Hynes !

There's one law for the people and one for the
police,

So the peeler takes his rifle when out to keep
the peace ;

BALLAD OF DERMODY AND HYNES

And if he shoots too straight and kills some
Irish mother's son—

Alas, alas, John Stenson, for the grim end to
your fun—

It's 'duty' when a peeler shoots—the things
on other lines,

It's 'murder' when a peeler's shot—O Dermody and Hynes.

Did any see the shot fired that laid M'Goldrick
low?

The devil a one there saw it, but in a week
or so

The peelers brought out Naughton to justify
the law,

Whose eyesight had been doctored in the
barracks till he saw

Things he had never seen before. The truth,
oh, how it shines!

It dazzled Naughton till he swore to Dermody
and Hynes.

BALLAD OF DERMODY AND HYNES

So Dermody and Hynes were sent to cool their
heels in jail,

But never to poor Naughton did the peelers'
kindness fail.

They fed him and they clothed him for a
twelvemonth and a day,

And they brought him up to Dublin and told
him what to say.

But in spite of the sleek air of him who with
policemen dines,

The jury said 'Not guilty' to Dermody and
Hynes.

.

We are a pleasant people, the laugh upon our
lip

Gives answer back to your laugh in gay good
fellowship ;

We dance unto your piping, we weep when
you want tears ;

Wear a clown's dress to please you, and to
your friendly jeers

BALLAD OF DERMODY AND HYNES

Turn up a broad fool's face and wave a flag of
green—

But the naked heart of Ireland, who, who has
ever seen?

We bared our hearts like sword-blades in '98,
and when

Parnell and Mitchel bade us—we sheathed
those swords again

That only for an instant had flashed so bright
and keen.

Ah, bitter sheathing! now we wave a foolish
flag of green,

And measure wits with peelers, and take ash-
plants and drive

Dumb cattle like ourselves—good God, are we
alive?

GEORGE MOORE BECOMES THE PRIEST OF APHRODITE

IN good Victoria's humdrum days
I started my career, Sir,
I from Mayo to France did go,
Where I acted very queer, Sir.
But I my sins repenting sore,
To pious Dublin came, Sir,
And though I find most things a bore,
I stay here all the same, Sir.
But if you ask me to explain,
I really cannot say, Sir,
Why I in Dublin still remain
When I might go away, Sir.

Now I was christened in Mayo,
Where Popery was in fashion,
But for that error long ago
I have a great compassion.

MOORE BECOMES A PRIEST

I would be christened once again,
And wear a robe with flounces,
Alas, I'm weighed by stones who
then
Was weighed by pounds and ounces.
But though my form no pretty nurse
May bear to my baptism, Sir,
I have renounced my country's curse,
And left the Roman schism, Sir.

When I from Popery did recant,
And left my dark condition,
To be a simple Protestant
Was long my sole ambition.
But since my views on Saving
Grace

The Puritans found flighty,
Behold me now in Ely Place
The priest of Aphrodite.
I'll set her image up on high,
Within my garden shady,
And every day a wreath I'll lay
Before my marble lady.

MOORE BECOMES A PRIEST

But even this does not explain,
Nor can I really say, Sir,
Why I in Dublin still remain
When I might go away, Sir.

THE RIVAL CLUBS

THE Tory and Home Ruler were warring bitterly
In Cotton's soul. He wept that there should
any scruples be ;

‘If these were only cleared away, I'd write my
name M.P.’

‘Oh, Cotton, come and join our club,’ the
Tories did beseech ;

‘With many a lord and baronet you shall have
daily speech,
A chair in a warm corner ; lunches—a shilling
each.’

So at the Tory lunches he swallowed scruples
whole

Until there were not many left within his
patriot soul.

He still subscribed to party funds—he did not
think it droll.

THE RIVAL CLUBS

The Irish Club at Westminster was running
short of cash,
And Willie Redmond says to John, 'Faith,
things will soon go smash
Unless some monied members come to help us
cut a dash.'

'I have it!' Johnny Redmond says, after re-
flection deep ;
'In Constitutional armchair doth William
Cotton sleep ;
We'll ask him join our little club, the lunch is
just as cheap.'

'O Cotton, come and join our club,' John
Redmond did beseech,
'You're in the gas trade like myself. Turn
on your maiden speech,
A grateful *Freeman* will ensure it doth to
Dublin reach.'

The Tory and Home Ruler warred once more
in Cotton's mind ;

THE RIVAL CLUBS

The Party were against the Peers he found so
nice and kind ;
He could not eat this scruple, nor throw it to
the wind.

But wily John, he says to him, ‘ You ’ll find
that Peers galore,
The Upper House abolished, will stand upon
our floor,
And you and they in friendly wise can on the
benches snore ! ’

The love of Peer and People in William
Cotton’s soul
Were reconciled ; that problem, the last, he
swallowed whole,
Not one conviction had he when he came unto
the poll.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

It was a winter's evening,
The hour was not yet late,
And Edward Carson MacIntyre
Sat spitting in the grate ;
And by him puffing at the flames
His little grandson William James.

His sister, wee Victoria May,
Came bounding through the door ;
' See, William James, see what I've found,'
And threw it on the floor.
Across the room with crackling sound
Rolled something large and smooth and round.

Now Edward Carson MacIntyre
Was old, his eyes were dim,

SECOND BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

But when he heard the crackling sound,
New life returned to him.

‘Some tax-collector’s skull,’ he swore,
‘We used to crack them by the score.’

‘Why did you crack them, grandpapa ?’

Said wee Victoria May ;

‘It surely was a wicked thing

These hapless men to slay.’

‘The cause I have forgot,’ says Mac,

‘All I remember is the crack.

‘They sent the tax-collectors down

From College Green, ’tis said,

And very large and smooth and round

And empty was each head—

Good space whereon to plant a blow,

But who ’twas sent them I don’t know.

‘My father lived in Sandy Row,

And ’twas a glorious sight

To see the brave Queen’s Island boys

A-spoiling for a fight—

SECOND BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

Great praise Sir Edward Carson won
For fighting Churchill, Randolph's son.

‘And some men said the Government
Were very much to blame ;
And I myself,’ says MacIntyre,
‘Got my own share of fame.
I don’t know why we fought,’ says he,
‘But ’twas the devil of a spree.’

THE CABINET COUNCIL—A SUPPRESSED LETTER

To Birrell spake Sir Edward Grey :

‘ Our good friend Theodore
To Plunkett doth a tribute pay
By letter unto us to-day.’
Said Birrell, ‘ What a bore !’

‘ Nay, be not nervous, Birrell, though
We men in office dread
The postman’s knock, for well we know
It has rained many a knock-down blow
On many a wooden head.

‘ These are good words that Roosevelt sends,
And real glad I am ;
This letter may make some amends—
Horace and we may yet be friends.’
But Birrell just said ‘ Damn !’

THE CABINET COUNCIL

Sir Edward Grey said, ‘Birrell, come,
Even you must surely think
We played it low on Plunkett.’ Dumb
Was Birrell, only jerked his thumb
Towards Ireland, with a wink.

Sir Edward Grey he shook his head
And asked, with heavy sigh,
‘Now that we have the letter read——?’
‘Waste-paper basket,’ Birrell said,
And winked the other eye!

THE KISS

LINES ON A CERTAIN FORBIDDEN MADRIGAL

THE kiss that once through Christendom
A kindly feeling shed,
Is now for relatives or those
Towards matrimony led.
A universal custom once
Enjoinèd by St. Paul,
It's come to this, the girls won't kiss,
They will not kiss at all.

Lord Aberdeen's no longer seen
To give that courtier's kiss
So soothing to the trembling nerves
Of new-presented miss.
His sweetest perquisite is gone,
No longer debutante
Takes kisses that are sacred now
To cousin or to aunt !

THE KISS

And Lady Aberdeen herself
To kissing has said nay.
'Infectious is the kiss,' she cries,
'Oh W. N. H. A.'
Alas, it was infectious once,
From lips to heart it bore
The plague of love, where now it brings
Just microbes and no more !

ENVOI

Better our boys and girls should sing
Together, without blame,
In light and joy the praise of love,
Than hang their heads for shame,
As if they sang a devil's
And not an angel's name.

Better the gay song of the kiss,
Its melody and grace,
Than it should like a serpent hiss
In secret, shamèd place
Where we have made a darkness
About love's heavenly face.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR CO-OPERATIVE BABES

PLUNKETT would a-preaching go,
 Heigh-ho, says Dillon ;
Plunkett would a-preaching go
Whether the Party would let him or no,
With his Co-operation for the Irish nation,
 heigh-ho,
 Says the Party and Dillon.

When he came to Gombeen Hall,
 Heigh-ho, says Dillon ;
When he came to Gombeen Hall,
He gave a loud rap and he gave a loud
 call
Of Co-operation for the Irish nation. Heigh-
 ho,
 Says the Party and Dillon.

RHYMES FOR CO-OPERATIVE BABES

Dillon came out to hear what he said,
Heigh-ho, said Dillon ;
Dillon came out to hear what he said,
Faith, I think the poor man is out of his head
With his Co-operation for the Irish nation,
cock them up
Says the Party and Dillon.

The People were at the back of Parnell,
Heigh-ho, says Dillon ;
The People were at the back of Parnell,
They got very sick when we sent him to hell ;
And here's Co-operation for the Irish nation,
the People
Will back it, says Dillon.

Gombeens-men are all that we've got at our
back,
Heigh-ho, says Dillon ;
Gombeens-men are all that we've got at our
back,
And Co-operation will hit them a whack.

RHYMES FOR CO-OPERATIVE BABES

With his Co-operation for the Irish nation,
look out,

Says the Party and Dillon.

Old England's a shopkeeping nation, they
say.

'Tis so, says Dillon ;

Old England's a shopkeeping nation, they
say,

And look how she bosses the whole world
to-day.

Blast Co-operation for the Irish nation, cock
it up,

Says the Party and Dillon.

Go home out of that, Horace Plunkett, says
he,

Go, go, says Dillon ;

Go home out of that, Horace Plunkett, says
he,

We've got the gombcen-men and their
£. s. d.

RHYMES FOR CO-OPERATIVE BABES

Moryah Co-operation for the Irish nation,
moryah,
Says the Party and Dillon.

But Plunkett he gritted his teeth like a
man,
Heigh-ho, says Dillon ;
But Plunkett he gritted his teeth like a
man,
Said, I'll talk to you next with a creamery
can,
For 'tis Co-operation for the Irish nation,
or the
Workhouse for Ireland, Dillon.

The cans they went rattling the whole
country through,
Heigh-ho, says Dillon ;
They kicked up the deuce of a hullabaloo,
Till John stopped his ears, called for T. W.
To kill Co-operation for the Irish nation, or
Home Rule
Would be got without Dillon.

RHYMES FOR CO-OPERATIVE BABES

T. W. bayed like a bloodhound, he did,
Heigh-ho, says Dillon ;

T. W. bayed like a bloodhound, he did,
Crack your whip, John, the country will do
as it's bid ;

Drop Co-operation for the Irish nation, no
orders take

But from John Dilllon.

Since Paddy has learned to buy and to sell,
Heigh-ho, says Dillon ;

Since Plunkett has taught him to buy and to
sell,

Home Rule he'll have, Co-operation as well.
For 'tis Co-operation for a new Irish nation,
heigh-ho,

Says the Party and Dillon.

'There's a trifle of money, says T. W.,
WHAT HO ! says Dillon ;

'There's a trifle of money, says T. W.,

'Tis myself doesn't know could I put on
the screw,

RHYMES FOR CO-OPERATIVE BABES

Kill Co-operation for the Irish nation. Ay so,
Says the Party and Dillon.

Money, says Dillon, do you tell me 'tis so,
Rhino, says Dillon ;
Money, says Dillon, do you tell me 'tis so
Out of the family it shouldn't go
To Co-operation for the Irish nation, but
straight
To the Party and Dillon.

Let the Party just sit on the Cabinet's
head,
Just so, says Dillon ;
Let the Party just sit on the Cabinet's
head,
Nor budge until Co-operation is dead—
Dead Co-operation for the Irish nation. Sit
tight,
Says the Party and Dillon.

Says Russell, going back on my Party's a
strain,
'Tis so, says Dillon ;

RHYMES FOR CO-OPERATIVE BABES

But you did it before, you can do it again,
Practice makes perfect, just do it again.
Kill Co-operation for the Irish nation, back
you up
Will the Party and Dillon.

We'll hatch up a scheme, myself and yourself,
Bravo, says Dillon ;
If we let Horace Plunkett go off with the pelf,
We both of us soon will be laid on the shelf,
For Co-operation for the Irish nation would
carry
The country, says Dillon.

The commissioners want a committee,
says T.,
That's so, says Dillon ;
To keep the I.A.O.B. straight, do you see,
Leave the naming of that committee with
me,
Of Co-operation for the Irish nation we'll
soon make
An end, Mr. Dillon.

RHYMES FOR CO-OPERATIVE BABES

We'll give them a list of the tried and the
true,

Do so, says Dillon ;
Loyal men who will act just as we tell them
to.

Faith I guess what they'll say when they're
asked, John, don't you ?
Damn Co-operation for the Irish nation, damn
me, damn

The Party, damn Dillon.

The answers they write will be strong and
be hot ;

Just so, says Dillon ;
And the job-hunting *Freeman* will publish
the lot ;

All will see what opinion the country has got
Of Co-operation for the Irish nation. Cook
their hash ?

Faith it will, says John Dillon.

.

Will this be the ending of our Horace P ?

No, no, John Dillon ;

RHYMES FOR CO-OPERATIVE BABES

Faith it might be the ending of more men
than he.

Oh damn it, why can't ye be sportsmen, say
we,

Get Co-operation for the Irish nation, get some
Sense for yourself, Mr. Dillon.

ODE TO BLUFF

O HEAVENLY Bluff descend on us,
God that each Ulsterman inspires,
Wake unto speech each timid cuss,
And make us sounding liars.
Arm thou the very economic man,
So without risk to life or limb he can
Fight battles greater far than Waterloo.
Grant him such stratagem as put to flight
The enemy who never came in sight.
Give talk of all that desperate men may do—
Such words as fall
From Carson's hallowed lips.
Give to us all
More fire, more earthquake, more eclipse,
But still take care that the last ditch be near
The first fence, over which our men may
disappear.

ODE TO BLUFF

Make us thy lyres even as Carson is.
Let us lay down our lives as he lays his.
Roll the dead multitudes before our words,
For we might cut ourselves if we drew
swords.
But, Mighty-mouthèd Bluff,
Warn us, thy slaves, when we have said
enough.
Let us draw in our horns
At the right hour.
Grant us this power.
Suffer no man to tread upon our corns.
Give us the courage that can run away,
And let us live to bluff another day.

O thou on whom we place our sole reli-
ance,
Who hast preserved us for a hundred
years,
Even when we most had meditated fleeing,
And made our noisy tears
Seem moments in the being
Of an eternal defiance,

ODE TO BLUFF

Hear us, Great Bluff !
O hearkener to the loud-clapping cheers,
The snorts of rage when we were safe
 enough,
Now let us pull the long-bow with a
 yell,
A long pull and a short pull all together ;
One that will frighten all our foes to hell
In this calm season of pre-Home Rule
 weather,
And make them see us weltering through
 their gore
And feel our mighty boots squash on them
 evermore.

Behold the Ulster boy,
His mother's darling joy !
Hear the dear child blaspheme
When Home Rule is the theme,
Between each tender kiss
Taught at the Pope to hiss.
This child, who blusters all he can,
Is father to the rampant Ulster man,

ODE TO BLUFF

And we should wish our years to be
Bound each to each in such impiety.
With such good stuff our victory is sure ;
With Craig, with Londonderry and with
 Moore
And Carson at their head,
Redmond and Devlin are as good as dead.
But if in spite of the loud Orange drum
Home Rule should come,
Ulster will be in flight,
And Ulster will be right.

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT

THEY wept on every platform, they shed the
wetter tears,
And for the lonely Protestant expressed the
loudest fears ;
Their English sympathisers sobbed before the
pictured scene
Of Smithfield fires rekindled on the sward of
College Green,
Hearing in horrid fancy the parting martyr
yell
Of Ulster boys who wouldn't bid King Billy
go to hell.
And many a Presbyterian wife looked darkly
at her man
And wondered if the Papist rogue was thinking
of M^c Cann ;

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT

And in the church on Sunday strong men
shuddered in the pew,
While from the pulpit thundered tales of St.
Bartholomew ;
And Ulster farmers swore great oaths that west
and south and east
They'd fight for brother Protestants against
the Popish priest.

.

But then the deluge threatened, Home Rule
was coming soon,
And the fifes and drums of Ulster struck up
another tune ;
No more they spoke of ' brothers ' or such soft
talk as that,
The wealth of Ulster wasn't meant to make
outsiders fat—
' Those southern fools of Protestants defiled
themselves with pitch
Instead of settling in Belfast where they'd be
saved and rich.'

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT

So Noah Carson launched his ark, bade Ulster
hurry in

And shut the gates upon a land of Popery and
sin ;—

Their altruistic sentiments gave way to love of
pelf,

And Ulster signed the Covenant and swore to
save—itsself.

1915

EACH Irish Cabinet Minister was tucked up
snug in bed,
What time the hasty telephone went jangling
overhead :
' Ho ! Dillon,' and ' Ho ! Devlin,' rang out the
midnight call,
' Ho ! friends of law and order, come gather
round me all ;
I 'm Redmond, I 'm your Premier, and I 'm feel-
ing pretty bad,
Reports come from the provinces that Ireland
has gone mad ;
The Orange League are harrying with boycott
and with ban,
Burning the stately homes of many a loyal
publican ;

They 've jailed these noble citizens each man
 in his own bar,
 I've called a Cabinet Council, so come just as
 you are.'
 And some ran draped in blankets, and some in
 coats and hats,
 From over Dublin city they flitted in like bats.
 And when they blundered in the dazzling
 lights of College Green,
 A look of rage and horror on each white face
 was seen ;
 They clustered round John Redmond, their
 Prime Minister, who told
 How rebel Londonderry and his freebooters had
 hold
 Of Connaught and of Munster, and the loyal
 subjects there—
 The publicans and gombeen-men were almost
 in despair !
 Brave men who'd held the outposts (and held
 the jobs as well),
 Shall they be left to perish, and Devlin he says
 ' Hell !

No, never while the Ancient Order of Hibernians draws

Its pay or draws a blackthorn shall rebels flout
our laws ;

Swear us in as special constables, which reminds
me, here 's a bill

For blackthorns, will you foot it ? ' The Council said, ' We will.'

The good old Tory spirit ran riot in them
then,

They had no use for rebels, these law-abiding
men,

And every Cabinet Minister agreed when
Dillon said,

' These damned rebellious ruffians might murder us in bed ;

I vote here for " Coercion " and Martial Law
likewise,

We 'll teach them to respect the law.' Said
Devlin, ' Damn their eyes.'

And Thomas Wallace Russell began to speak,
when he

Went off into hysterics at the name of Horace P.

But Kettle, boiling over, stood up upon his
 legs,
 'I warn you not to kill the goose that lays the
 golden eggs ;
 There's money still in Ulster, so put the screw
 on, for
 There's none in the Exchequer of which I'm
 Chancellor.'
 Then All-for-Ireland William for Ulster shed
 a tear,
 And said, 'In this historic house I can't be
 insincere ;
 These rebel Protestants have suffered badly as
 you know,
 Their lands sold (at good prices), themselves
 just told to go
 To blazes by that sister land unto whose skirts
 they clung ;
 Their industries were squeezed and taxed, and
 yelling they were flung
 Upon the alien bosom of a Catholicity
 Bristling with *motu proprio* and *ne temere*
 decree.

How can an Irish Protestant forbear to rave
and fret

Who's had all that there ever was, and has no
more to get ?'

Here William, with emotion, grew voiceless,
and 'twas found

He'd reached the bottom of his heart, fallen in
and there was drowned.

But at his gentle reasoning uprose a wild up-
roar :

'No quarter here for rebels,' 'We'll wade
through Orange gore,'

'Shoot them like dogs,' 'Coercion,' 'We will
defend the law,'

When through the room there sounded some-
thing very like a 'caw.'

A janitor burst in the door, 'The Green is
full,' said he,

'Of rebel Orange soldiers, they've taken Trinity ;
Carson and Londonderry are marching up the
stair,

And Campbell, he is coming'—he hummed a
well-known air.

Strode in Sir Edward Carson, his new sword by
 his side,
 To triumph with the cause for which he
 would, but hadn't—died ;
 Strode in Lord Londonderry, a-boiling in his veins
 The blood of Castlereagh which did him just
 as well as brains ;
 He, like another Cromwell, points to Redmond
 where he sat,
 Saying, 'Take away that bauble,' and they
 took John out of that,
 And unbuttoning their pockets, with reluctance
 be it said,
 They gave John and the others 'single fares to
 Holyhead.'
 The Viceroy followed after, so weak about the
 knees,
 They lift him on the motor that scurries to the
 Quays ;
 And Erne of Enniskillen shouted, holding up a
 rope,
 'There's this for John Bull's viceroys or
 viceroys of the Pope :

Send England to the devil, she left us in our
need,

No fostering Home Rule now, Separation is
our creed.

Raise the flag of Independence where long
since it should have been,'

And rebel Ulster's Orange flag floats over Col-
lege Green.

For centuries the poets pointed vainly to this
goal,

One touch on Ulster's pockets wakened its im-
mortal soul !

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